Prettiest Girl Suicide Ever Taken to the Morgue.

Photographing the Unknown Dead.

The Sorrowful Work Old Mr. Mason Has Been Doing for the City for Twenty-five Long Years.

Here is a business to make one's flesh creep—photographing the dead.

Not only that, but all these dead are those who have met death by violence, either at their own or other hands. Their deaths are in many instances made more terrible, their corpses more awesome to look upon, because mystery shrouds their taking off.

But that does not bother the photographer. He is case-hardened. He has stared so long through a camera lens into distorted and discolored dead faces that it is all as natural to him as breathing. He lives in an atmosphere of death and disease. That is a sphere to which he has schooled himself. And he's a comfortable old chap at that.

Grim and gray the tall buildings of Bellevue rise above the waters of East River. And it is a grewsome life that goes on under those grizzled roofs. There are the fag ends of careers which might have turned the world ropsy-turvy. There are romances until you cannot rest. The ambulances, plying from low quarters of the town, bring thither many kinds of played-out noblemen. You see all sorts and conditions of men and women looking down from those balconies, where the convalescents are allowed to take their airings. You do not know what stories they could tell.

When you leave the arched doorway of the hospital there is a stretch of bright greensward, where pallid and unwholesome men, swathed in bandages and redolent of the tell-tale iodoform, sit courting the Summer sunshine, which seems to be blighted as it touches them.

There are white tents, out toward the river's brink. Through their curtained doorways you catch sight of cots, and neat nurses, whose whole life is at the bedside of disease, move to and fro silently.

Beyond the tents, and perched on the brink of the river wall, a red brick building sits—square, squat and frowning. All about it there is stillness, except for the coming and going of a wagon now and then.

The heavy odor of drugs, and the oppressive taint of uncleanliness and disease, which sick people from the slums bring into Bellevue—these die from your nostrils as you leave the hospital behind.

Then there is a welcome spot of fresh river [illegible] your face. You gulp it in to rid your olfactories of the hospital odor, and it is sweet to the taste.

Then there comes another atmosphere, which fairly seems to seize hold upon you. It penetrates at once your clothing, your hair, your throat—the very fibres of your flesh.

There is nothing so very terrible about it. There are more noisome smells to be found in many a city street. And yet, even to the man who has never known it before, this odor brings a sense of depression as it enfolds him. It is cool, somehow—heavy, unlike anything else, hard to describe. And it hangs all about that stern red brick building like a pall. It will not let you go.

Very few people come and go at the doors of that building. There is no uniformed attendant there as there is in the hospital. A lad with solemn visage sits upon the river wall and watches, and the incoming tide makes a lugubrious lapping against the stones.

A hundred yards off shore the sailors sing while they polish the brasswork of trim steam yachts, but their songs seem out of place as you stand on the rude platform before that red brick building and listen to vague far footsteps in the cool darkness within.

Nobody ever speaks in a loud voice about this place. There are accountants in the office, but they move with furtive steps and talk in undertones as people do when death is in the house.

And why should they not? Death is here as it is in no other place. Nothing but death is here. This is death's home. The dead—they who come to Bellevue without hope—graduate thence to this place without life. This odor that envelops you is the breath of death, which never changes and which all the unguents and perfumes in the world cannot conceal.

Here the tragedies and the mysteries of New York find their [illegible] theatre. Life histories end here. This [illegible] the Morgue.

A strange place for a [illegible] tograph gallery. But back in the recess [illegible] of this building there is a room, square [illegible] light, well ventilated—if any place can [illegible] well ventilated where this death hou[illegible] smell hangs so heavy over everything [illegible] The doors are open and the river bre[illegible] blows through the room sometimes—b[illegible] only when the wind is easterly. That i[illegible] that the Morgue attendants call a "sniff [illegible] wind." When the wind's in the east [illegible] lows bodies to the slabs there, they say [illegible] he Morgue men are very callous about [illegible] this matter of life and death.

This square room is w[illegible] the unknown dead or the dead whose [illegible] th has made a noise in the world, jus[illegible] ecause it was sensational or mysterio[illegible] are posed for their last pictures. It [illegible] he room, too, where the Coroner's [illegible], with keen scalpels, cut into dead fl[illegible] and read with practised eyes the secr[illegible] that are hid there. When they have [illegible]e their sorry tasks they pack up their [illegible]truments and go away.

Then the photographer [illegible]rs, last functionary, except the pries[illegible]nd the grave digger. He is a man wi[illegible] strange as it may seem, looks like Sa[illegible] Claus in the old story books.

He has a silvered beard [illegible]h two peaks, likewise the requisite rotun[illegible] of shape, an air of self-contentment and [illegible] eyes which never change expression fo[illegible] the horrors they have looked upon. Wh[illegible]e Coroner's men have done the body [illegible] this man's [illegible] his business [illegible]he city's

For [illegible]able,

its like in all America.

It has no robing room, no toilet implements with which the hair, the beards, the mustaches of dead people may be fitted for their last picture-making. There are no powder puffs to dispel the shine from those pallid faces.

They are not rigged in their Sunday best, these people who sit to Oscar Mason for their pictures. Their only garb is the cheap shroud which the city furnishes. There are no screens; there are no painted backgrounds, no toys to hold the attention of restless babies, no headrests to insure their perfect immobility. All his subjects "lie still and are quiet." He never has to repeat the time-honored formula, "Assume a pleasant expression, please."

The room where this photography of the dead goes on adjoins the Morgue proper, where, upon slabs in the long ice chests, the bodies are kept. Whenever it is necessary to take a photograph of the "deader" in the Morgue, the assistants place the repulsive thing in a plain pine box and trundle it into the "autopsy room," as the place where Mr. Mason conducts his photography is known.

"There is nothing," Mason modestly says, "about this photographing of the dead which is worthy of notice. It is the simplest sort of photography. I do not need in photographing the dead any of the accessories which are used in an ordinary photograph gallery. In photographing live people the light must come from one point, but when you are 'taking' the likenesses of the dead the more dissemination of the light you get the better. If the light comes from all around it will not cast any sharp shadows on the face. It is these sharp shadows which destroy likeness in the pictures of the living. The camera finds lights and shadows which to the naked eye do not exist."

"And you do not waste time in arranging the Morgue's occupants for having their pictures taken?"

"No, indeed. Take them just as they are. Sometimes you have to push their hair back out of the way a bit when it makes a shadow on the face, or bunch the white folds of the shroud up around the face to distribute the light. That is all. The Morgue attendants do all there is to be done. Occasionally, to be sure, I push a dead face this way or that when the light does not play upon the features as I think it should. But that is all."

"The close association with all these dead people does not wear upon you, then?"

"Bless you, no!" And Oscar Mason laughed a hearty laugh, which made his snow-white whiskers shake. I used to be squeamish a little when I first began photographing dead people, but that is all over now. I suppose I have looked into the faces of more dead men and women and seen more different forms and cases of disease in the last twenty-five years than any man in America.

"I don't mind a corpse. I'd just as soon sleep in a room full of 'em as I would in a room full of live people so far as any dread is concerned. You see, you get to understand that a dead man is dead.

"I have seen gaping wounds of all sorts, stabs, bullet holes—none of them ever bother me, though it is enough to wring the withers of almost any man to see the condition in which women come in here sometimes."

"And beautiful women, too?"

"Beautiful women? Nonsense! There has been no woman on the slabs in this place since I began to take photographs here, that is, no woman who was beautiful when I saw her. You hear about such things, that is so, but they are not true.

"You are continually hearing about the beautiful girl who lies upon a slab at the Morgue. It is all rubbish. Some of these dead women look as if in life they might have been cleaner or better groomed than others, and that is all. I never saw a beautiful, or even a pretty one. There was a comely girl who killed herself at the Grand Union Hotel some years ago. Then Miss Bowlesby was good looking—that case was twenty years ago. She killed herself. The Colonnade Hotel suicide looked well enough. But beautiful—no."

Then from an old box of prints Mr. Mason pulled out one of a woman's face. It was a dead face, easily enough, and there was a charm about it. It was childish in its simplicity.

"Who was this?"

"That was case 1355. Let me see; she was a young woman about nineteen—maybe a little older. She was brought from Harlem Hospital, July 21, 1895. She had shot herself in the park at Two Hundredth street and Washington avenue—just a park suicide. It beats all how many park suicides there are nowadays. There have been nine brought in within a week, and almost all of them young women.

"Why, do you know, it has been suggested"—and the old man paused to laugh heartily at the thought, "that signs be put up at all the entrances of all the parks advising all persons who want to commit suicide there to do so before August 1, as the parks will be closed to suicides thereafter."

And again the Morgue photographer laughed with gusto at the ghastly jest.

"How did you come to select this for a business?"

"Why, I didn't. I was a photographer, to be sure, from my youth, but, good[illegible]ows, I never expected to be doing this [illegible]rt of thing. I was a New England boy. [illegible]ook pictures when the only thing known [illegible]s the old-fashioned daguerreotype. I [illegible]nt into the army, but hung on to my [illegible]siness. I was versed in every step of [illegible]otography. I was head photographer of [illegible] American Photo-Lithographing Com[illegible]y, and a secretary of the American [illegible]roscopical Society. I fell in with promi[illegible]t physicians, and made pictures for [illegible]m—for such men as Dr. Willard Parker [illegible] Dr. Valentine Mott.

[illegible]hen, in 1868, Horace Greeley and Ezra [illegible]nell, both of whom were prominent in [illegible] hospital's affairs, had me come here [illegible]bring my instruments. Two years later [illegible]gan the Morgue work. It has never [illegible]ed since.

[illegible]ow many pictures of dead people have [illegible]ten? Lord, I don't know. Thousands, [illegible]not one in a hundred that comes in [illegible]is photographed. It must be some im[illegible]nt or mysterious case. Of disease [illegible]. I make generally three prints—one [illegible]e hospital history, the others for the [illegible] and visiting surgeons. Of dead bodies I print [illegible] many as are needed.

"Th[illegible]re a number of ways of photo[illegible]graph [illegible]dead," he said, "and a great [illegible]s upon whether or not the de[illegible]e picture is to be taken died a [illegible] violent death. In cases where [illegible]een due to natural causes the [illegible]paratively easy. In some cases [illegible]assistant lift the corpse to an [illegible]tion, and then take the picture [illegible]mary way. An exposure of [illegible] to five seconds is sufficient to [illegible].

"[illegible]nother method sometimes em[illegible]king photographs of dead per[illegible]some ways it is better than [illegible]e just mentioned, as there is [illegible] for handling the corpse or [illegible]n upright position. By this [illegible]larly constructed camera is [illegible]hrows the light downward [illegible]s the body lies on the table. [illegible]ersons, or 'floaters,' as they [illegible]the Morgue, and persons [illegible] have been partially de[illegible]road wrecks are the most [illegible]e take. When a body has been in the water for any length of time it becomes bloated and discolored. Ordinarily, a sheet thrown about the head and shoulders takes away in a great measure the bloated, unnatural appearance, but in cases where the features are so discolored as to make it almost impossible to tell whether the dead person was black or white in life I have a secret process which I use to restore in a great measure the natural color to the features.

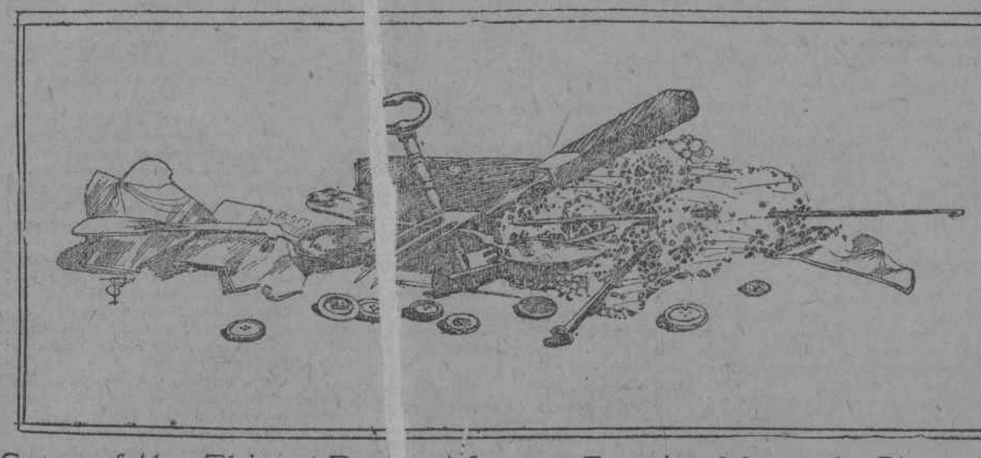
"In taking the photograph of a dead person a good, strong light is necessary. In the course of the year I take about seventy-five Morgue cases, and probably about 200 hospital cases. These latter are all of living persons who have some physical malformation or peculiar disease interesting from a medical standpoint. Just now I am trying to perfect a process which will give the natural color of the face to a photograph of a dead person, and have great hopes of success, judging from my experiments up to the present time."

Photographer Mason has a den away up in the very topmost attic of the hospital, a cozy room, rigged up like a regular photograph gallery. There are his cameras, of which he himself has patented one or two, of all of which he is the owner. There, too, are his old records and photographic plates of old cases; there is his workshop, and there he spends most of his time, gentlly, industriously and contentedly wearing along to the easy end of life, and he is the most sunshiny soul about the whole great hospital, for all his melancholy business.

There is no salary attached to the position which he holds. He works for the glory there is in it, and occasionally gathers in a handsome fee for photographing some dead man whose family have no likeness of him.

The Charities Commissioners at one time announced their willingness to make Mr. Mason's place a salaried one. He objected on the grounds that he was working for study, and not for gain, and that if there was any salary attached there would be innumerable applicants for the position, and the incumbent would be in hot water all the time.

So the years and Oscar Mason go quietly on, and both are [illegible] history.



Some of the Things Removed from a Russian Woman's Stomach.

Strange Things People S

Remarkable Operations on th Stomach to Remove Kinds of Junk.

The human habit of swallowing things has had a deal to do with the amazing progress which has been made in the science of surgery.

It makes small difference to science nowadays how big a nail or billet of wood or chunk of gutta percha the over-inquisitive infant or the omnivorous, crazy man swallows.

Anything that the patient can get into himself the doctors with their keen knives and deft fingers can get out again by cutting the overladen individual open. And surgical skill has so mastered the difficulties of gastrotomy—that is the scientific name for it—that seldom, in these latter [illegible] from having one's stomach o[illegible] sewed up again, as if it was [illegible]ural thing in the world.

Nowadays, when the operat[illegible] purpose of removing a foreig[illegible] cal authorities agree that a [illegible] cision is preferable. The [illegible] tendons are thrown apart, [illegible] stomach drawn partially t[illegible] wound; gauze or damp spong[illegible] tucked around the exposed [illegible] stomach, a small open[illegible]ng is [illegible] and the foreign matter [illegible] finger or forceps. Th[illegible] closed with Lembert sutt[illegible] dropped back into the abdo[illegible] external wound sutured.

In ordinary cases no food is g[illegible] patient for forty-eight ho[illegible]urs [illegible] operation, but after that [illegible]ime [illegible] be safely taken in small q[illegible]uanti[illegible] at the expiration of a wee[illegible]k, e[illegible] gestible food can be adminis[illegible]ere[illegible]

The chief difference between [illegible] gastrotomy and the old fashion[illegible] doing it is that nowadays th[illegible] itself is actually taken out of th[illegible] hundred years ago the entire [illegible] fession would have stood a[illegible] notion of practically takin[illegible] stomach out of him and then [illegible] without any apparent inconven[illegible] patient. And yet it happens al[illegible] day in the New York hospita[illegible]

But of all the multitudinous [illegible] on the human stomach, t[illegible] portance, the most difficult [illegible] most novel, was perform[illegible] iam H. Bennett, F. R. C. [illegible] upon a man who had s[illegible] several of the hospitals [illegible] failed to find it.

The patient was sufferin[illegible] bination of complaints wi[illegible] caused a distressing enlarg[illegible] stomach. For a few days [illegible] mission to the London ho[illegible] kept in bed and appeared to [illegible]e proved, but when he tried t[illegible] pains became unbearable.

An incision about five inches [illegible] made in the abdomen. A po[illegible] stomach was then drawn thr[illegible] cision and a fold three inch[illegible] about nine inches long take[illegible] posed portion of the stoma[illegible] was sewed together, [illegible] the size of the organ, [illegible] returned to its proper pla[illegible]e an[illegible] terior wound closed.

The patient was fed for the first four hours on brandy and egg, a[illegible] gradually grew stronger meat [illegible] were administered. He has so[illegible] covered strength now that he [illegible] easily digests ordinary food, and as the doctors can determine, su[illegible] ill results from this extraordinary [illegible] tion.

FOR SEASICKNESS

A Position of the Body Which, It Is Will Prevent the Trouble.

Here is something new and strang[illegible] the way of a cure for seasickne[illegible]s. Its [illegible] coverer explains the physiolog[illegible]al pr[illegible] ples on which it is based.

He is an Irishman, Thomas Moy[illegible] name. Some years ago, when crossing Irish Channel on board a passenger st[illegible] er, with a very rough sea, it occurr[illegible] him that as the motions of the vesse[illegible] duced seasickness, it might be possi[illegible] so utilize such motions as to preven[illegible] disagreeable malady. The vessel ha[illegible] kinds of motion: a rising and falli[illegible] tion of the entire vessel; an oscillato[illegible] tion longitudinally about its cent[illegible] gravity; and a transverse rolling m[illegible] Mr. Moy treated the longitudinal mo[illegible] as having a tendency to drive matter, [illegible] trifugally, toward the head and stern, [illegible] the rolling motions as having a sli[illegible] tendency to drive matter outward [illegible] the centre of such motions.

Now for details. "The entrance to [illegible] stomach," says Mr. Moy, "is on the [illegible] side of the body, the oesophagus end[illegible] the exit is on the right side, the py[illegible] orifice; and my experiment consists [illegible] utilizing the longitudinal motions so [illegible] keep the food in the stomach, and util[illegible] the rolling motions so as to assist the [illegible] ural operations of the oesophagus in [illegible] pelling the food toward the pyloric or[illegible] This I effected by selecting a couc[illegible] ranged in a line with the keel; lying [illegible] my head toward the engine room, and [illegible] upon my left side." The experiment [illegible] Moy adds, was entirely successful, an[illegible] has always adopted it in rough seas, [illegible] a suitable berth could be obtai[illegible] would be interesting to know wheth[illegible] one else has tried the remedy, an[illegible] with what result.

THE WAYS OF THE

Some Members of the Famil[illegible] Honey Pots of Their [illegible] Fellows.

It has long been recognized that [illegible] a very intelligent insect and [illegible]s complicated social life. There are [illegible] among them—plutocrats, laborers an[illegible] imals.

The author of a recent work on e[illegible] ogy notes the curious hab of one [illegible] of ant of "turning some f their [illegible] into animated honey pots."

Instead of placing honey in com[illegible] bees do, the ant selects a certain nu[illegible] workers, and disgorge the honey o[illegible] from the Eucalypti (on which it is [illegible] ed by coccidae and other insects) [illegible] throats of their victims. The proce[illegible] continually repeated causes the s[illegible] of these workers to be distende[illegible] enormous size.

This extraordinary habit was firs[illegible] ered in the case of certain ants in [illegible] and subsequently shown to prevail [illegible] orado. It has been found to exist [illegible] tralia also, and Mr. Froggart desc[illegible] figures three ants of the genus [illegible] that pursue this remarkable [illegible]

The ants containing [illegible] food with the native[illegible]